

DEAF-MUTE'S JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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SONGS OF THE CRAFT.
By Henry Edward Warner in the Fourth Estate.
Who is the man who sits all day
While others run around and play,
Who at his desk with toil must stay?
The Editor!

Who feels upon his back the weight
Of all our great affairs of State?
Who twists the quivering tail of fate?
The Editor!

Who ponders deep the dreams of men,
Letting the ink dry on his pen,
Then dips into the well again?
The Editor!

Who writes, and having written fair,
Re-reads the things he's written there,
Then feeds it to the wickerwork?
The Editor!

Who knows as others never know
These fools of mortals here below.
Who come, and how, and pass, and go?
The Editor!

Who catalogues and gives each place?
Who finds the sinner's saving grace?
And who forgives the human race?
The Editor!

And may he sit, and never dip
The pen, and smite them on the hip
Who scorn the sword and try to trip?
The Editor!

IN THE LOG-SLUICE

On a blustering March morning, Jarvis Bender and Simon Marshall, his uncle, stood near the head of the Cherry Mountain log sluice. There had been heavy rain the day before, and during the night the thermometer had fallen below zero. Jarvis was the repair man of the lumber company, and his uncle bossed the men who were at work turning into pulp wood the fir and spruce that they cut on the high, rocky plateau of Cherry Mountain Flat.

The sluice, a huge wooden tube on trestles, pitched at a sharp angle straight down the rough mountain side for seventeen hundred feet. Then for a hundred feet it rose gradually. From the end of it the short logs shot into the air and fell upon the pile on the frozen surface of Ashmokin Lake. In the spring they would be driven down to the Penobscot River.

"Hey, Joe!" called Marshall to Grabowski, a Polander, who tended the sluice. "We're going to do a little work down the sluice. When I inspected it last night after work, I found some timbers sticking up between Nine and Ten. Keep your eye on the flag."

"I watch him good," the workman replied.

A two-horse sled, loaded with peeled pulp wood, sawed into four-foot lengths, had driven up to the platform beside the sluice. Joe pressed the electric button that rang the danger gong at the lake. Into the great pipe went two cords of logs. With a long pole, Grabowski kept them from clogging. They rumbled down the sluice, and in less than minute began to shoot out at the bottom.

Beside the plank walk that ran down outside the sluice, a twenty-foot pole rose from a box, which held the signal flag.

"Box needs a new cover, Joe," said Marshall. "This one leaks. When can you attend to it?"

"I fix him today."

The boss opened the box. In a heap at the bottom lay the flag. It was two feet square, made of unhemmed red cloth, and sewed to its rope between two rings that ran up and down the pole. The hoisting rope ran up through a pulley at the top of the staff, and down behind it through another pulley at the bottom, where it was fastened to a long wire that ran down the outside of the sluice.

"You'll have time to dump two or three loads more, Joe, before we get to work," remarked the boss. "I'll hoist the flag before Jarve goes inside. Watch out."

The Polander nodded silently, and began to shovel snow on a bare spot in the road. It was his busy morning.

Stamping their spikes into the steep, icy walk, the two men started down. On their left, the sluice rose higher than their heads; on

their right was a handrail. Marshall carried an eight-pound sledge. Jarvis had his lantern, bitstock, and a bag of spikes, which he had swung by a strap from his shoulder.

Besides them the signal wire ran along the chute through eyebolts, which the boss occasionally tapped in order to clear them of ice. Every hundred feet was a trapdoor, numbered in black paint. It was the trap numbered ten that they were going to.

A snow flurry whistled suddenly down from the northeast, and in a few seconds a blinding blizzard enveloped them. Thinking of the ledges thirty feet below the walk, they went slower, and placed their feet carefully to prevent a fall.

"Rmmmm! Rmmmm!"

Louder, nearer, more threatening, the roar of the coming pulp wood re-echoed through the sluice. Above on the left, a fan of white light burst upon the gloom. Marshall had opened door Nine. Deafened by the storm outside, he did not know that a load had been dumped. Now, as he thrust his head into the opening, the rumble fell on his ears.

"Jarve! Jarve!" he cried. The repair man's foot suddenly slid over an inequality in the floor. The sprung timber end! He dashed forward a few feet farther.

"Wait till I hoist the flag," said his uncle.

"Stuck! Must have been some eyebolt I didn't clear of ice. Wait a minute!"

He gave a jerk. The wire came at first grudgingly, then smoothly. "Here it comes!" he said. It continued to run easily.

"All free now!"

Pulling in about ten feet of the wire, Marshall bent it over the eyebolt so that it would not slip back. "I guess that'll hoist the flag plenty high enough for Joe to see it," he said.

Jarvis got into the dark sluice and lit his lantern. His uncle passed in the sledge.

"There's a timber sticking up a little below this door. Spike it down good and hard."

The sluice was built of thick spruce planks about twelve feet long. It had a flat floor, two feet wide, which was worn smooth by the grinding pulp wood. The sides of it rounded out like a hogsnout to a width of four feet; at the top, six feet above, the planks came together at a sharp angle. Four feet up on the right wall was an iron handrail.

Far above, a little spot of daylight marked the head of the chute. In the other direction all was black, for the light was cut off by the upward turn at the bottom.

The heads of the spikes that held the sprung plank were broken off, and Jarvis would have to bore two fresh holes down to the bed timbers. Hanging his lantern on the handrail, he set to work. He had soon finished one hole, and had driven the spike home.

"I'll shut this door and open Nine," said Marshall, when Jarvis had almost finished boring the second hole. "You can walk up inside, when you're done here. You will find another bad spot about fifty feet above."

He closed the door, and Jarvis heard him slide the bar across it.

Except for the light of his lantern, the sluice was now dark. It was absolutely still; the thick planks shut out the sound of the storm.

A few vigorous strokes sent the second spike in to its head. As Jarvis straightened up, a faint rumble reached his ears. Startled, he looked up the sluice. A black, moving mass partly choked the little white hole at its top.

He gave a sharp cry of alarm. A load of pulp wood had been dumped into the chute, and was rushing down upon him! What should he do? The logs would be there in less than thirty seconds. If they caught him, his life would not be worth a splinter; they would ride over him and grind him to pieces.

Number Ten trap, through which he had just come, was now shut and barred. There was no hope there! His uncle would soon open

Number Nine; but that was more than a hundred feet away. Could he reach it before the logs did?

Jarvis dropped his sledge, and catching the iron rail, began de-

sperately to ascend the steep, slippery sluice, hand over hand. He did not bother with the lantern: Upward he flung himself, stamping his spiked soles frantically down upon the hard planks, up toward the little spot of white light and the even-increasing rumble. A plan had flashed into the brain; but before he could dare to try it, he must get above the sprung timber ends. To that point the logs would run smoothly; but there the projecting butts would trip them and hurl them end over end. The chute would be alive with flying spruce. It would be certain death for Jarvis.

"No use pitching into him," said he. "It fooled me; so I don't see how we can blame Joe. But it was a close call for you, Jarve." —Youths' Companion.

The rain that had driven in through the leaky cover the day before, congealed in the night and frozen the cloth to the bottom. When Marshall had pulled the wire, the flag, thin and weather-worn from months of use, had at first resisted, and then, ripping down close to the rope, had left only a narrow fringe a quarter of an inch wide, virtually invisible in the blizzard. They saw Grabowski through the snow; but Marshall's anger had fallen.

"No use pitching into him," said he. "It fooled me; so I don't see how we can blame Joe. But it was a close call for you, Jarve." —Youths' Companion.

PEOPLE ATTENDING DENVER CONVENTION, SHOULD VISIT NATIONAL PARKS.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Those attending the coming Denver Convention, should make profitable side trips to the celebrated national parks not far from Denver, the gateway to twelve national parks, thirty-two national monuments and one hundred and twenty-five national forests. Only those who have visited the national parks can appreciate the beauties and wonders of our great country.

There are at present sixteen national parks in the United States, of which eight are of notable size and scenic magnificence. The object of the parks is to preserve in their natural condition scenic wonders and large areas of primitive wilderness and wild life.

At Crater Lake Lodge, on the rim of the lake, excellent hotel accommodations are provided during the summer season.

The Rocky Mountain National Park, which was created in 1915, is located in Northern Colorado. It comprises 358 square miles and is chiefly remarkable for its rugged scenery, including some of the loftiest snow-covered peaks (11,000 to 14,420 feet) in the Rocky Mountain States. It has a large number of lakes, valleys and small parks.

The Mesa Verde National Park, which was created in 1906, in Southern Colorado, covers 77 square miles and has the most notable prehistoric cliff dwellings in America.

The Yellowstone National Park, one of the seven wonders of the world, lies in the northwestern part of Wyoming, extending a few miles into the border States. Its area is 3,448 square miles or 2,142,170 acres. The whole Yellowstone region is of volcanic origin. It contains more geysers than all the rest of the world together. There are marvelous gushing geysers, pictorial canyons and waterfalls, wonderful cascades, boiling pools, paint pots, hot water volcanoes, beautiful wild flowers, dense forests of fine fir, spruce and other trees.

The Glacier National Park, which was created in 1910, is located in the Rocky Mountains of Northwestern Montana. It covers an area of over 1,500 square miles. This peak is a mountain region of marvelous scenic beauty, containing over 1,000 square miles of waterfalls and groves of big trees.

No trip to the West is complete without a trip to the national parks. While the money spent by visitors is an important item, there are greater benefits to be derived.

Low summer tourist rates to Denver are in effect from about June 1st, to September 30th, with a return limit to October 31st. In purchasing your ticket to Denver, see that you stop-over in Colorado Springs or any other points enroute on the ticket is permitted.

If you are planning a trip to California or the Pacific Northwest, have your ticket routed through Denver and include a stop-over at Colorado Springs.

Fullest information regarding the national parks will gladly be given on application to the Denver Tourist Bureau or the Information Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce.

Come west and learn of your own country. Remember, the slogan: "See America first."

The value of a great convention to the deaf need not be argued. The Denver convention promises to make an epoch in the history of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. We are sure that you will be glad to be in the great West and that you will go home with more knowledge of the country you live in.

ROBERT C. MILLER.

RENO, NEVADA.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST SERVICES.

REV. OLOF HANSON, Missionary.
Seattle—First and third Sunday.
Tacoma—May 8th.
Vancouver and Portland—June 12th.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

The Capital City.

The last social held during Lent, which turned out to be no social at all, because of the rules of the church prohibiting such during Lent. In its place was a business meeting held by the St. Barnabas Mission, April 12th.

Due to a misunderstanding of traffic regulations, a truck and an auto came in collision with each other. The auto was the property of Louis Lovett. The auto was badly damaged in front but sufficient to keep it out of use more than one full day for repairs.

Saturday evening, April 16th, was a house warming party at Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Council's new home on Kansas Avenue. The night was damp and miserable with rain coming down every now and then—causing a very small attendance to this affair.

Tuesday, April 19th, was too good a day to be wasted thought Mr. Robert Nerdig so he decided to follow the boy scouts' motto— "Do a good turn a day" by asking Mrs. Bolton, Miss Jennie Jones, Miss Elizabeth Benoff, the Messrs. Miller, Collins, Flood, and Deady, of the Phi Alpha Sigma Fraternity of Gallaudet College, to a run down in his auto to the home of the Father of this country—Mt. Vernon.

The day was an ideal one, as attested by the number of visitors there. More than eleven bus loads of people were deposited just after the bunch arrived. At this time of the year Mt. Vernon is at the height of its beauty and all making the visit will be well repaid for their decision.

The Literary Society holds its monthly meeting in the North East Masonic Temple Wednesday evening, April 20th. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted. Then Mrs. Wallace Edington introduced the main speaker of the evening Mr. Frederick Hughes, of Gallaudet College. Mr. Hughes' talk was upon the trend of science to banish superstition. He related the story of a Dutchman, the first man to discover microbes. Mr. Hughes handled his subject so well that the audience had their eyes on him from beginning to end. Next Mr. William Cooper took the floor and tried to discuss "Current Topics," but turned out to discuss "Current Humor," the way he handled his subject. Following "Current Topics" was a debate "Should the Married Woman go to work?" The affirmative side was up held by Miss Jennie Jones, and the negative side by Miss Ruth Leitch. Both of the debaters asked for judges, but since it has always been the custom of the society not to have any, they had to go to their debate with the whole audience as judges. Both debates proved to the audience that they knew their subject and what they were talking about.

The debate closed the literary meeting, one of the best balanced and best rendered program ever seen these late years. After the literary meeting the President announced that the prize offered for getting the most members with in this year had been awarded Mr. Robert Nerdig, he having secured eight new members to the society. Next was the announcement that another precedent has been broken that the annual June social will not be held this year. Instead of having it in June, the social will be in May. Various reasons have been advanced to favor the experiment and if successful will be permanent. The Committee is composed of Miss Jennie Jones as chairman, with the whole literary society staff as assistants. The night is going to be a well planned affair, with plenty of fun and pleasure to go around several times. A small admission fee will be charged to help defray expenses and a large crowd is expected to attend.

Since that time he has handled vast sums of money, but nothing has ever looked so big and so glorious to him as that four-pence halfpenny. And no loss that he ever suffered in the world of finance has ever been to him such a crushing disappointment as the sudden loss of that dazzling coin.

Light eating and deep breathing lead to quick and clear thinking.

Every married man thinks he would be rich if he had remained single.

Never undertake any job with the intention of giving it less than your best effort.

ing and struck Frank just when he stopped to let auto pass. He was hurled 30 feet and landed in such a way that it broke his shin and dislocated his knee. He was taken to Garfield Hospital and later transferred to Emergency where he is now resting easily with his leg getting along nicely.

Mr. Nathan Ziet, of Connecticut now working in the printing department of the Squibb Company in New York, was in town recently.

Mr. Louis Pucci, a native of this town, just decided he could not bear his homesickness any longer, made his way into his old stamping grounds, Sunday, April 16th. He is employed in a printing plant in Newark, New Jersey, as linotype operator. The old town appealed to him so much that instead of staying one day, the visit lasted until Thursday. Everyone was glad to see him, as he is a well liked personage. Come again, Looie.

Wednesday, April 20th, Washington was honored with the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Benson, of Frederick, Maryland. They were escorting a bunch of youngsters from the Maryland School for the Deaf on a sightseeing tour of Washington. They all took in the Literary Society meeting that night, but due to prearranged schedule, they all had to leave before the program was finished.

JEN AND BOB.

The Lost Coin.

A successful banker of New York tells the following story of his first experience at earning money; how he earned what then seemed like half a fortune; and how he lost it much quicker than he had earned it.

John Smith, as we will call him, was a little shaver living on a farm down in Maine. One day a neighbor came to ask Mr. Smith whether he would take his oxen and help him haul some wood. It happened that John's father was away from home, and John offered to drive the oxen in his father's stead.

Now John was a little boy, nine or ten years old; so little, in fact, that he could not reach to yoke up the oxen himself. So the neighbor put on the great yoke, and John gayly drove the oxen down the road. All the morning he worked sturdily, and hauled wood into the neighbor's barn. Then, when the job was done, Mr. Brown gave him a bright silver coin, a four-pence halfpenny, and a prouder little boy you never saw. Do you know how much money that was? It is an old-fashioned coin long out of circulation, and worth about six and a quarter cents.

With the money in his pocket John drove his team home rejoicing. He felt that he was almost a man, and well-started on the road to wealth. He could yoke up the oxen himself by standing on a bench and reaching very far and working very hard. All this he did, and then, just before going into the house, he thought he would show his oxen to his father; and so held it out triumphantly on his open palm and said, "Good Star, see what you have helped me earn!"

But Star misunderstood. He was used to having the family feed him lumps of sugar, and he thought this was sugar, too. Quick as

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

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EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor*.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163rd Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-holding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Trenton, N. J.

DEAF SCHOOL ART INSTRUCTOR SHOWS MANY GOOD PAINTINGS, EVIDENCING HIS RARE ABILITY.

Kelly H. Stevens, art instructor of the New Jersey State School for the Deaf, at a studio tea Friday afternoon, gave a special showing of work done by him abroad in 1925 and 1926. Twenty-six pictures were displayed—and also a number of water colors.

In attendance at the exhibit were members of the faculty of the school and several other guests, including H. B. Brown, of the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, Mount Airy, Philadelphia; W. A. Renner of the Fanwood School for the Deaf, New York City; Edwin A. Hodgson, editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, New York City, H. E. Cutsail, of the Maryland School for the Deaf, Frederick, Md. Those attending the exhibit were greatly impressed with the work of Mr. Stevens. The pictures, a variety, evidenced the artist. Those attending the studio tea and several critics who have viewed the pictures by Mr. Stevens, have commented most favorably upon his work.

The artist, born in Mexia, Texas, studied at the Corcoran School of Art, Washington, D. C., and at the Trenton School of Industrial Arts, being a pupil there of Henry McGunnis. He also attended the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts and went abroad in 1925 and remained in Paris for sometime furthering his studies.

At least four of the 26 pictures in Mr. Stevens' exhibit are contended to show exceptional ability of the young artist. They include "Alpine Afterglow," "Lake Geneva," "The Quarter of San Justo," "Segovia," "Golden Evening," "Ondarroa," "Spain," and "Basque Fireside," which has attracted considerable attention and has been highly praised.

Other pictures from the brush of this young artist include: "San Maggiore," "Sunset," "Santa Maria Della Salute morning," "A Spanish Cemetery," "Segovia," "The Old Man of Lastrilla," "Segovia," "Gate of San Andrea," "Segovia," "Basque Coast, Twilight," "Low Tide, Ondarroa," "The Bridge of Ondarroa," "Naples, the Bay," "Naples, Sunset," "Rome, Pines of the Villa Borghese," "The Basque Coast, Afternoon," "The Gulf Stremma," "Twilight, Lake Geneva," "A Basque Village," "Chateau de Chillon, Montreux," "Riviera Flowers," "The Monastery," "Segovia," "Garay in the Basque Country," "Golden Sunset, Castile," "Chateau St. Andre, Avignon."

At the tea Mrs. Alvin E. Pope and Miss Margaret Paul poured—

Trenton Times-Advertiser, April 25.

Miss Grace D. Ely recently presented to the school museum a collection of Confederate paper money, in denominations ranging from twenty-five cents to twenty dollars. These interesting souvenirs had been in the possession of the late Mrs. Charles W. Ely for many years, and will form a very interesting addition to our souvenir collection.—*Maryland Bulletin*.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. A. O. Stedemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

CHICAGO.

I want to be a printer,
And with the printers stand—
A weekly wage of sixty plunks
For loafing like the band."

And so he went to lino school
Then plodded round, the patient fool:
Alas, he could not hold a job,
And so he starved to death, poor slob.

An Eastern acquaintance writes to inquire regarding the local linotype school, and write him information. As course here, "having given up farming as there is no money in it."

He asked me to find out all about the school, and write him information. As he neglected to enclose stamped envelope for reply, simply dumped the letter in the wastebasket, of course.

There seems to be a mania among the deaf these days for becoming "linotype operators," so styled, without having first qualified as practical printers. Some of them can't even set a stick of straight matter from the case, and have but a vague idea of matrix faces, point measurement, and general printers' markings.

Now there may be some such normal—or "hearing" learners who "get by" by keeping their ears open; but the deaf can't. Printing-offices are too busy to write out the A-B-C of printing, which every apprentice is supposed to know. Such "operators" are handicapped from the start—they never attain the heights, and they "spoil" every shop they work in. By "spoiling" I mean that after they are fired as incompetent, the foreman will never hire another deaf workman.

The Mergenthaler Linotype Co. conducts schools in Chicago, San Francisco, and few other large cities, charging \$10 per week for tuition under competent instructors.

Courses takes six weeks, though you can stay longer if you are a dumb learner. On graduation you have to hunt a job in the "tanks"—small towns with one or two machines where the pay is \$15 to \$20 per week. You seldom last long there, being fired with disheartening regularity by exasperated foremen.

It takes from one to two years to acquire the SPEED on the keyboard which is absolutely necessary for a good paying job in a large city. Some men can never learn, anyhow.

A few deaf men somehow struggle through this trying period, and become competent operators. But most of them fail. And most of the failures are those with no practical experience as printers.

Not more operators, but more good operators is what the printing trade needs. There is surplus of half-baked "ops" in every large city—and the deaf are generally the last employed and the first to be fired in every trade. So why should I encourage my Eastern acquaintance to buck the game? Right now there are between 700 and 800 Union printers and operators out of work in Chicago, with indications of several Union shops locking out their employees shortly. Chicago's Union wages are \$55 to \$58 in the book and job industry, 44-hour week; with \$61 and \$66 in the newspaper ranks, 45-hour week. A raise of \$1 in all scales effective late in May.

I'll spring something brand-new," said handsome and dashing little Lawrence Cosentino, aged about 20, chairman of the 5th annual grand ball of the Silent Athletic Club. And when all were assembled at his ball on the 23d, he did spring a new stunt—in the shape of announcing his engagement to swart and vivacious Miss Vera Riek!

And even David J. Padden, the adroit and resourceful manager of Chicago's historic Silver Jubilee of last year—had to admit that the kid certainly put over a new stunt.

While the younger element were tripping the light fantastic toe (since the introduction of such acrobatics as the Charleston in fashionable dancing, we old fogies who fancy the waltz and polka are the knee-plus-ultra of ballroom gymnastics, avoid the frozen floor). Eleven tables of 500 were played in the Sac parlor. Three prizes were allotted for the players, going to Miss Helen Franklin, Charles Kessler, and Mrs. E. E. Carlson. First prize going to a "Minnesota Swede," and third to a Chicago Swede, it was a gaily evening for the blonde brigade, which have had slim pickings since their streak of luck petered out over a year ago.

Several out-of-town visitors were present, but Lee Hall, of Springfield, was the only one with brains enough to seek an introduction to "the Press!"

Four blocks from the Silent A. C. is a large apartment building known as the "Kingon Kastle"—because the Kingons have lived there over a dozen years; other deaf families coming anon, when the landlord found what desirable tenants they made. (The Kamps, Roberts and Leiters comprise other of the elect now there, though the John Sullivans also lived there prior to removal to Aurora.)

In one week no less than four social affairs occurred in that one building. April 18th, Mrs. Harry Leiter entertained at luncheon. Next day Mrs. Kingon had Mrs. Emma Dantzer—widow of the Rev. Dantzer, of Philadelphia, the "floor leader" of the 1918 frat convention—to luncheon. Wednesday Mrs. Arthur Roberts gave a little luncheon in honor of Mrs. Leiter. Thursday Mrs. Charles Kemp gave a dinner party in Mrs. Dantzer's honor, followed by three tables of "500."

Instead of forming a "Mutual Admiration Society" at the meeting of the North Carolina Association next summer, better wait until the next meeting of the N. A. D., and have southern leaders on hand in force to see that this section gets its share of consideration, if, indeed, it is not getting it now.

Let us keep sectionalism out of our National Association, and do nothing to weaken it.—*McClure in Kentucky Standard*.

OHIO.

News items for this column can be sent to B. M. Edgar, 56 Latte Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

From the May number of the *American Magazine*, we learn that a hearing minister, Rev. Sibberson, of Topeka, Kansas, became interested in the deaf after meeting two deaf ladies and through Mrs. J. M. Croxton's apartment has been rented by the William J. O'Neils.

April 22d, Mrs. Walter Whitson had six ladies to luncheon in honor of Mrs. Dantzer, at the Whitson flat in Evans-

A deaf man on the radio! George Anderson, who came from London, England, 30 years ago, and has lived in Zion—a suburb founded by Dowd—ever since, recently sang tenor over the radio there. Those tuning in state he has a wonderfully melodious voice, considering the fact he lost his hearing when he was five years old.

He was paid for his performance, too. Anderson is a faithful Zionite, having never been inside a movie in all his 60 years (What does he want to live for, then?) He does not mingle much with the deaf, so does not know the sign language. His attempts at conversation remind one of the Rev. Kent's laughable address at the Nad-

convention last August.

We had the pleasure of looking at photographs recently of the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cory, Jr., in St. Petersburg, Florida. Both were former residents of Ohio and judging from their happy countenances in the photos the Florida climate is agreeing with them. They surely have the right to feel proud of their fine looking residence located on Bay Street. In a lawn contest started by The Woman's Town Improvement Association, Mr. and Mrs. Cory's grounds received "honorable mention," thus proving that wherever the deaf of the Buckeye State go, they generally come out near the top.

Mr. Robert Nathanson, of Toledo, is enjoying a vacation in the south. He reports having been in Petersburg, Virginia, where he visited a church built in 1735 which was attended by descendants of Pocahontas and other famous men.

The deaf of southwestern Ohio met at Bethel for their Easter services in the Bethel Grange Hall. Rev. Mr. Halse conducted the services assisted by Rev. J. E. Pershing, of Springfield, Mrs. Geo. Halse, Mrs. Walter Behmer, Mrs. Jessie Goodey, and Miss Hazel Halse. Rev. Halse is now eighty-one years old, but is reported as still very active and still able to preach.

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Mr. Robert Moreland, of Steubenville, was the Easter guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson, of Franklin Avenue. She had to hasten home to see how Leon was keeping house by himself. Mr. Joseph Neutzling had the pleasure of a short visit from his son, Ralph, who is engaged in business at Astoria, Oregon, and seldom gets to see his folks.

The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society met on the evening of April 21st, with a large attendance. An electric sweeper and a rug for the Rosa Patterson room at the Home were ordered purchased. They decided to have some of the living room furniture renovated. June 10th was decided upon as the date for their annual picnic and it is to be on the Home campus.

Mrs. J. Hahn, of Cincinnati, was in Columbus over Sunday to see her daughter and younger son, who are students at the school. Mrs. Hahn's oldest daughter was married in the fall to Mr. Forest Jackson. They are now living in Cincinnati.

Mr. Paul Miller, of Alliance, motored over to Columbus to mingle with old friends over the week-end. He works on a farm near Alliance.

The local Boy Scouts held a contest Friday evening, and the scouts from the school under Mr. P. Holdren gave a tableau illustrating the scout laws.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Smith (Gretude Zorn) have returned from their honeymoon trip, and are now at home at 1097 Sycamore Street, Columbus.

Miss Marjorie Stamer, granddaughter of Mrs. C. C. Neuner, believes in making hay while the sun shines. She won two prizes offered by the Columbus Dispatch in the annual county arithmetic contest. She won first regional prize and then the first prize and a gold wrist watch over 50 contestants from all over the county. Accuracy, speed and time limit governed the competition.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Neuner can justly feel proud of her. She is the daughter of Mrs. Neuner's older daughter, Mrs. Marie Lieb Stamer.

The Frats of Cincinnati sent to the Home as Easter gifts handkerchiefs and socks to each male resident at the Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Chapman and Mr. Alfred Sheer stopped on their way home from Florida to see their relatives, Superintendent W. E. Chapman, at the Ohio Home. They motored from Florida, where they had spent part of the winter.

The death of Captain W. H. Ainsworth, of Dayton, was reported in local papers this week. He was a Civil War veteran, and acted as store keeper at the school for about twenty years. He was well-known to many of the older deaf in Ohio.

The Partridges invited a few of their friends in honor of our Canadian friends for a card party. Those present were Mrs. Jack Bertram, Mrs. Claude Ziegler, Miss Mullin, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root, Mr. and Mrs. Claire Reeves, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright and L. O. Christensen.

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During their stay here for a week the Rileys took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Claire Reeves at their apartment and with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bertram.

These two Gallaudet graduates and State students, Mrs. Riley and Mrs. Bertram, have set fine example to the deaf in Seattle since they came to our

city. It is now noticeable that every body holds a good opinion of Gallaudet College.

The Easter vacation in Canada starts with Easter day and lasts till the next week, so the Riley family returned home Sunday, April 24th.

Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner had a pleasant time in Los Angeles when he was there April 3d, with Rev. Eichmann, of Portland, installing Rev. Ferber. Quite a number of our old friends were among the large audience, Rev. Gaertner brought the news of the birth of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Larson's second daughter. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kirschbaum had a housewarming party at their new home just outside the city limits Easter Sunday evening. Every one of the twenty-three people present thought they have a very nice cosy place surrounded by four big fruit trees, a pear, cherry, plum and apple. Abundant refreshments brought in by the crowd were served. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Riley pleased all of their friends.

A row of new houses has been built. Pretty soon they will have sidewalks and it will come into the city of Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Garrison and John Adams, of Renton, were confirmed into the Lutheran Church by Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner before an audience of fifty-six people, Easter afternoon. The additional old members are Mr. and Mrs. Claude Wood and Fred Khun. The platform was beautified with seven pots of Easter lilies and some vases of cherry blossoms. We are mighty proud of our young pastor.

Mrs. True Partridge was the hostess to about a dozen ladies for a nice luncheon this month. The next one will take place at Mrs. A. K. Waugh's country home, May 12th.

Mr. R. C. Miller sent cards from San Francisco, confessing his homesickness for Seattle. He is now in Weepah, Nevada, hunting for gold, at least he said he would join the gold rush.

The fifth wedding anniversary that Miss Bertha Stowe prepared for parents was a very pleasant affair with thirty relatives present. Mr. and Mrs. Haire, who are Bertha's warmest friends, were there. Besides the fifty dollars from their daughter, the Stowe people received many gold pieces and a whole set of 1747 Rogers silverware of eight. Miss Stowe is possessed of the sweetest disposition and is universally liked by every one. Late she paid the last payment on her land of six acres near Silver Lake, which is between Everett and Seattle.

The Golden Glove. John Peterson. Little Boy Blue. James Martens. Androcles and the Lion. Robert Hamel.

A PATRIOTIC PROGRAM

The Warring Countries John Peterson

How to Respect Our Flag

1 Helen Kahler 6 James Martens

2 Marie Rollo 7 Lena Getman

3 Tillie Newman 8 John Peterson

4 Robert Hamel 9 Sam Forman

5 Edward Banis

"America"—By the class, led by Tillie Newman.

Our First Flag—A play in 3 acts.

George Washington Robert Hamel

PITTSBURGH.

John M. Rolhouse, who had seven strokes of paralysis since run-down health compelled him to relinquish his duties as boys' supervisor at the Edgewood School two years, finally crossed the Great Divide. Death occurred at 10 p.m., April 13. Funeral services were held the following Saturday afternoon. Interment in Hampton Church Cemetery, near Allison Park. The deceased is survived by wife, two daughters, mother and five sisters, who have our deepest sympathy.

Mr. Rolhouse was a charter member of Pittsburgh Division No. 36, N. F. S. D., and actively connected with the P. S. A. D. in its cradle days. He attended the Western Pennsylvania School when it was located at Turtle Creek.

The Frats entertained with an egg social at their hall, Saturday evening, April 16th, a day after the close of the Lenten period. Some people seem to have the erroneous idea that Lent ends with Easter Sunday, as a number of familiar faces were conspicuous by their absence, but the crowd assumed its usual proportions at a rather late hour, when the fun began with story telling. Boxes of a dozen fresh eggs were given the following: Bernard Teitelbaum for the best joke, Charles Reiser for finding the egg in "Hunting the Egg," Mrs. Thomas Carr for giving correct colors of four eggs, which were first shown in a line and then placed in a different order under cover. George Cowan, who engineered the affair must be credited with a bit of originality. We never had such a social before. Certain kinds of socials are being so overworked that we are grateful to any one who can think up something new.

Edward Logue, who has been in California for the last two years, showed up at the above social, as also did Sam A. Davidson, of Ambridge, Pa., Sam Bentley, of Akron, Russell Diehl, of Greensburg, and John Dolph, of Erie, Pa.

Mr. Davidson, who has passed the eighty-third milestone in life, had lived in Pittsburgh for over seventy years until a couple of years ago, when he moved to Ambridge to live with his son. He was a student at Gallaudet for three years in the early 70's. He keeps in good physical condition and is unusually mentally active for one of his advanced age. His youngest daughter, Bessie, Normal '06, is teaching at the Edgewood School.

Fred Farke spent Easter Sunday visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Reichards, of Poland, Ohio. Dan is employed by the printing shop of the Tuscon Steel Co., Struthers, in the capacity of foreman and has three or four deaf men subject to his orders.

The W. J. Gibsons gave a birthday dinner for Miss Sarah McDevitt, April 25th. The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McNamara and Samuel Goas, of New Brighton, Mr. Charles Boyle and Mr. Fred Farke. The Gibsons are noted for their hospitality, presumably due to the fact that the Mrs. comes from the far South.

The deaf of Wilkinsburg and vicinity are getting up a club, to be called the Wilkinsburg Silent Club and have rented a commodious hall on Penn Avenue and Wood Street. The distance to downtown Pittsburgh, where all the past socials have been held, makes it inconvenient for many to come out that way, hence the new venture. The club wants it understood that they have no intention of holding socials on the dates that conflict with those of the P. S. A. D. or the Frats, and extends a welcome to all.

Mrs. Sam Nicholas and Mr. and Mrs. Chas Reed took an excursion trip to Akron, Ohio, April 17th. They expected to take in the welcome reception tendered Rev. F. C. Smeian that day, but something turned up to spoil their plans. However, they reported a pleasant time.

Rev. Henry J. Pulver, who has replaced Rev. F. C. Smeian in this field, gave his first sermon as our regular missionary at Trinity Chapel, Sunday, April 24th. Before coming here, he held services in the morning at Altoona and afternoon at Johnstown, snow following him all the way. He reached church late, owing to our daylight saving time. Leaving Johnstown 5:50, he reached Pittsburgh at 6:50 (or 7:50 our time) and found the crowd waiting when he reached the chapel after eight. He lost no time getting ready for the services and before mounting the pulpit made a short address, thanking us for showing confidence in him by our selection of him as Rev. Smeian's successor, and said that we could depend on him to all that properly belonged to his field of endeavor. The attention Mr. Pulver's sermon received convinced us that he is the real goods, which augurs well for the future of the mission. While not quite able to sign with the facility of a Smeian, Mr. Pulver should improve with time. It takes practice to do a thing well, and it must be remembered Mr. Pulver lost his hearing when just out of his teens. As

he is, he is splendid enough to suit us. We are glad to have him in our field and are confident that our cooperation in his work will give him satisfaction. Mr. Pulver had to curtail his missionary trip this time, leaving an hour after services for Washington to get his household goods ready for removal to Harrisburg, where he will make his residence.

Sad news was received of the death April 24th, of Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Supt. and Mrs. A. C. Manning of the Edgewood School. Funeral services were held at the school Tuesday afternoon April 26th, at 2:30. Mr. and Mrs. Manning have our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

Tickets are being sold for the coming P. S. A. D. gathering Saturday evening, May 21st, at McGeagh Hall. A lecture by Dr. E. H. Elliott, of Kansas, will feature the program with a dialogue and declamation to follow. Refreshments will be sold and a door prize awarded.

FRANCIS W. HOLLIDAY

Mary Bessie Franklin

FOREVER WITH THE LORD

One of the brightest flowers among the deaf in Canada has ceased to bloom. Her beautiful form and radiant smile we see no more. She blooms and smiles with greater brilliancy on the Golden Shore. The deaf all over the land were terribly shocked when the sad news was transmitted from Rosetown, Sask., that our beloved friend, Miss Bessie Franklin, had bidden us all a last farewell and gone to His blessed sphere.

Though she died many weeks ago, many of your readers everywhere have written the reporter, imploring him for a write-up of her death and career, so here it goes. In the morning of January 18th, last, she got up feeling as bright and cheerful as ever, and amused her little niece in a playful way. At 9:30 that morning, she was about to go out to mail a letter, when seized by a severe pain in her back and head. A physician was summoned and everything possible done for her. Despite this, however, she took two more spells and became unconscious towards evening. At midnight of that fatal day, when all the outside world was peacefully slumbering in the soothing arms of Morphus, the last ray of life in this young maiden flickered out and Bessie left the vortex of this world forever. Cerebral hemorrhage was the cause of death.

The late Mary Bessie Franklin, was born at Riceville, Russell County, Ont., the daughter of the late Henry B. Franklin, of Franklins Corners, and of Mrs. Franklin, now of Rosetown, Sask., formerly Annie Vagan, of Vankleek Hill, Ont. Bessie was born in 1889, and when several months old was seized with a severe attack of sickness and despite the service of that noted Montreal specialist, Dr. Buller, she became totally deaf. When eight years old, she entered the Mackay School at Montreal, and soon became a great favorite with all, due to her charming ways, graduating in 1907 with honors. On the death of her father, the family moved to Ottawa, where she enjoyed the companionship of all the deaf of the Dominion capital. In 1916, the family moved to the rolling prairies of the West and settled at Rosetown, Sask. Three years later, Bessie went on an extended visit to the East where she remained for a couple of years and then returned to her mother in the West, where she finally ceased her earthly wandering on that cold January night in the high noon of her life—38th year.

The funeral took place on January 21st, to Rosetown Cemetery and was very largely attended. Her two favorite hymns, "Asleep in Jesus" and "Forever with the Lord" were reverently sung at the funeral. The truckload of floral offerings was but a mere testimony over the great loss her demise has sustained. She leaves a widowed mother, Mrs. Anna V. Franklin, a brother, Saxon A. Franklin, and a sister, Mrs. H. J. Moffatt, all of Rosetown, as well as a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

When day is done and our weary hands Those tools of toil, who understands And makes our cares His own.

Unto that dear and pleasant place Some future day we'll come. And find sweet solace, by God's grace, In His dear blessed Home.

There can we lay our troubles by And there our Bessie meet. And there we'll find the joys that lie In my heart forever sweet.

Unto that everlasting place Some day we hope to come. And find sweet union, by God's grace, In His Eternal Home.

Small Boy (to stranger): Did you lose a dollar this morning? Stranger: Why, yes, I believe I have. Did you fine one? Small Boy: No; I just wanted to find out how many had been lost this morning? Yours makes ninety-six.

"We pay for every act in life, not always in cash, but in consequences."

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Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armada Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS.

The total collections from all sources towards our church fund during the recent Bible Conference amounted to over three hundred dollars.

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Mr. J. R. Byrne gave a very strong address to an appreciative audience at our Epworth League, on April 20th. He gave the difference of love between worldly gold and Heavenly Glory. An hour previous to this meeting, the Ladies' Aid Society of our church held a business meeting in another room.

Miss Erna Sole went up to Detroit for Easter cheer.

John Narrie, after working in Detroit for some time past, has returned here for good, at least, for the present.

Mr. John Walton returned on April 30th, from a week's visit to Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Thomas, of Oakville, accompanied by a cousin, were in our midst on April 24th.

Mr. Charles Golds and son, Robbie, left for their home in Kitchener, on April 21st, after a week spent at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Harris.

We regret to say that Mr. Walter Bell is laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism, and may not be able to return to his work in Oshawa for some time. At time of writing, he is improving.

Miss Evelyn Elliott has resumed her duties at the Laura Secord Candy works after a temporary lay-off.

Messrs. George Goulding and Charles McLaughlin went sightseeing and had a good time in Buffalo, Rochester and other points down that way over Easter.

Mr. Silas Caskerville went up to see his parents near Aurora on April 23d, returning the following evening, accompanied by his wife who went out a few days previously.

During his sojourn here, Mr. David Bayne, of Ottawa, has been lavishly entertained by his old friends who would invite others to meet him. This has kept friend Dave hustling around. On April 22d, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason entertained him. Next evening he and Mr. Peter McDougall and sister, Elsie, along with others were merrymaking at "Mora Glen," while on April 28th, Mr. and Mrs. H. Whealy had a houseful in his honor.

Mr. Clifford Hunter was down to his parental home in Belleville over Easter, and called at our old school in the meantime.

Peter McDougall bade his numerous friends good-bye on April 25th, as he left for his home in South Indian, after nearly two week's sojourn here, and now we miss his sunny smiles. His deaf sister, Miss Elsie McDougall, remained here a little longer.

During our recent Bible Conference, little Miss Ruth Byrne, a blooming rosebud not yet in her teens, proved herself to be a heroine. Before each meeting was called to order, Ruth would hustle around gathering all the little tots together and inviting them in another room, where she entertained them in a quiet way while their parents sat unmolested throughout the service. Then Ruth would lead the youngsters back to their parents again. On Easter Sunday morning on finding none to care for, she quietly stole out and toddled off to her own Sunday school in a church nearby. Oh! what an example many should emulate. "Even a child can lead you," saith the Lord. At all our socials, Ruth is invariably on hand either to assist us or indulge in the fun in a way that brings forth commendable comment. She can master our language quite fluently.

On Sunday, April 24th, Mr. William Hazlitt gave a very encouraging sermon at our church and visibly portrayed the subject, "What shall the end be to those who know not the Gospel of Christ?" Mrs. H. Whealy again rendered that beautiful Easter hymn, "Hark, Ten Thousand Harps and Voices Sing, in her customary flawless style.

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cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gossley, along with Howard Lloyd.

Our Epworth League held its last regular meeting on April 27th, before closing for the summer. Mr. Charles Elliott gave a splendid address on what the Bible teaches you. There was a large turnout.

The Catholic Fraternity of this city held their religious conference here on Good Friday, Saturday and Easter Sunday at Loretto Abbey on Brunswick Avenue. There were between fifteen and twenty present, but contrary to the usual custom there were none from outside points this time, but the two hearing students from St. Augustine Seminary greatly assisted in the ceremonies, being able to interpret for the deaf quite fluently. Much good was derived from this gathering.

Mr. John B. Stewart was out to Hamilton to see his sisters over the weekend-end of April 23d.

Messrs. A. S. Shepherd, H. E. Grooms, F. E. Doyle, W. C. MacKay and H. W. Roberts were all up for their annual examinations on Postal Laws and regulations at the end of April. They are awaiting the results from the Federal Government.

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ness trip to Brantford, returning home the same evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Fisher, who had been down visiting relatives in Hamilton over the week-end of April 24th, stopped over here for a brief spell while homeward bound to London, Sunday night, giving us a glimpse of their sunny smiles.

Mr. Charles A. Ryan expects his only son, Mr. Clarence Ryan, home from the Old Boys and Girls Reunion here in July. This city is making great improvements in preparation to welcome home its former citizens from fields afar.

Mr. John E. Brown, one of the few deaf men of this country who are roaming around peddling needles, was

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND

Rev. O. J. Whildin, General Missionary, 605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., Monument St.

SERVICES

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointments.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,

Mountainsburg,

Star Route. Ark.

MAY-TIME DANCE

given by the

NEWARK SCHOOL OF THE DEAF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Saturday, May 7, 1927

8:00 P.M.

at the

BRUCE ST. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Admission - - - 50c

Strawberry Festival

Auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

CONVENTION FUND

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1927

AT

PARK & TILFORD BUILDING

310 Lenox Ave. near 125 St.
New York City

TICKET - - - 50 Cents

Refreshments

Better than ever!

Strawberry Festival

Auspices of

THE LUTHERAN GUILD

to be held on

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1927

PARTICULARS LATER
B. ASH, Chairman.

BONDS

The following corporations are outstandingly the greatest in varied industries in point of rendering public service or manufacturing essential staples. They have shown consistent and remarkable growth in expansion.

Information gladly furnished on their records of earnings.

Pacific Mills 5½% due 1931 95

Chile Copper Co. 5% due 1966 9634

Solvay-American Inv. Corp. 5% due 1942 9934

General Motors Acceptance Corp. 6% due 1937 100

Associated Gas & Electric Co. 5½% due 1977 9534

Missouri Pacific Railroad Co. 5% due 1977 100

(PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGES)

Bonds in \$500 and \$1000 denominations.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

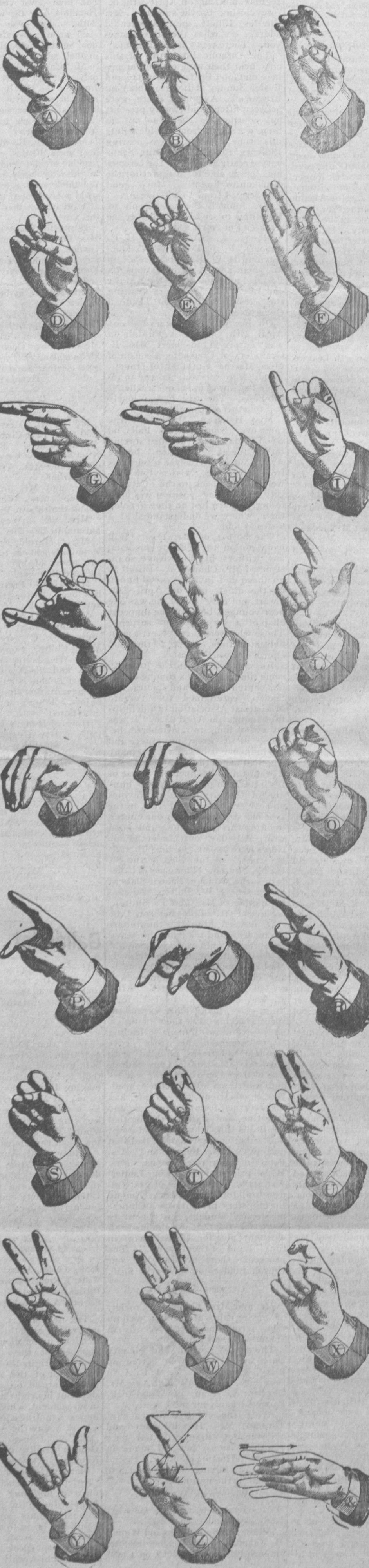
18 West 107th Street

New York City

Correspondent of

LEE HIGGINSON & COMPANY

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



SPRING COSTUME CARNIVAL



DEAF - MUTES' UNION LEAGUE, Inc.

AT

YORKVILLE CASINO

210 East 86th Street

(Capacity over 1,000)

Cash prizes will be awarded for the most original and novel costumes.

Saturday Evening, May 14, 1927

Admission (including wardrobe) \$1.00

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS
Abraham Barr, Chairman

Joseph Abramowitz
Benj. Shafranek

Louis Uhlberg
Paul Murtagh

Seventh Annual Games

of the

Fanwood Athletic Association

under auspices of the New York Institution for the Deaf

to be held on the Institution grounds

Monday afternoon, May 30, 1927

From 2 to 6 P.M.

EVENTS

1. Miniature Circus Show.
2. Nail Driving (For Ladies Only.)
3. Games (For Pupils Only.)
4. Two Mile Bike Race.
5. 880 Yard Relay Race.

Prizes for first and second of each event. Prizes to be awarded by Isaac B. Gardner, Principal of the Institution.

Entries will close with Frank T. Lux
99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

Admission to Grounds - 25 Cents

Lemonade, Ice-Cream and Fudge For Sale.

\$30 In Prizes for Games and Contests \$30

PICNIC, GAMES AND BEAUTY CONTEST

Auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92, N. F. S. D.

at

HOFFMANN'S CASINO
Corner Havemeyer and Haviland Avenues
Unionport, Bronx, N. Y.

Saturday afternoon and evening, July 23, 1927

Music Par Excellence

Admission, 50 Cents

SPECIAL—Games and Prizes for the Children—SPECIAL

BEAUTY CONTEST

Three Silver Loving Cups to the Most Voted Beauty.
Two Silver Loving Cups to the Best Waltz Dancers.

Directions—Take Lexington Ave or 7th Ave. Subway to 177th St. Station and take trolley marked "Unionport. Get off at Havemeyer and Haviland Avenues, thence to the Casino.

MONSTER BENEFIT DANCE

held under the auspices of

BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D.

and

NEW YORK COUNCIL No. 2, K. L. D.

at

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER COLLEGE

39 West 15th Street, New York

Saturday Evening, June 11, 1927, at 8 p.m.

ADMISSION - FIFTY CENTS

Proceeds to be used to purchase an artificial leg for an unfortunate brother, whose right leg is amputated.